

MODERN

COMICS

JULY
No. 75

10¢



Blackhawk

battles

The **BLAST
BANDITS!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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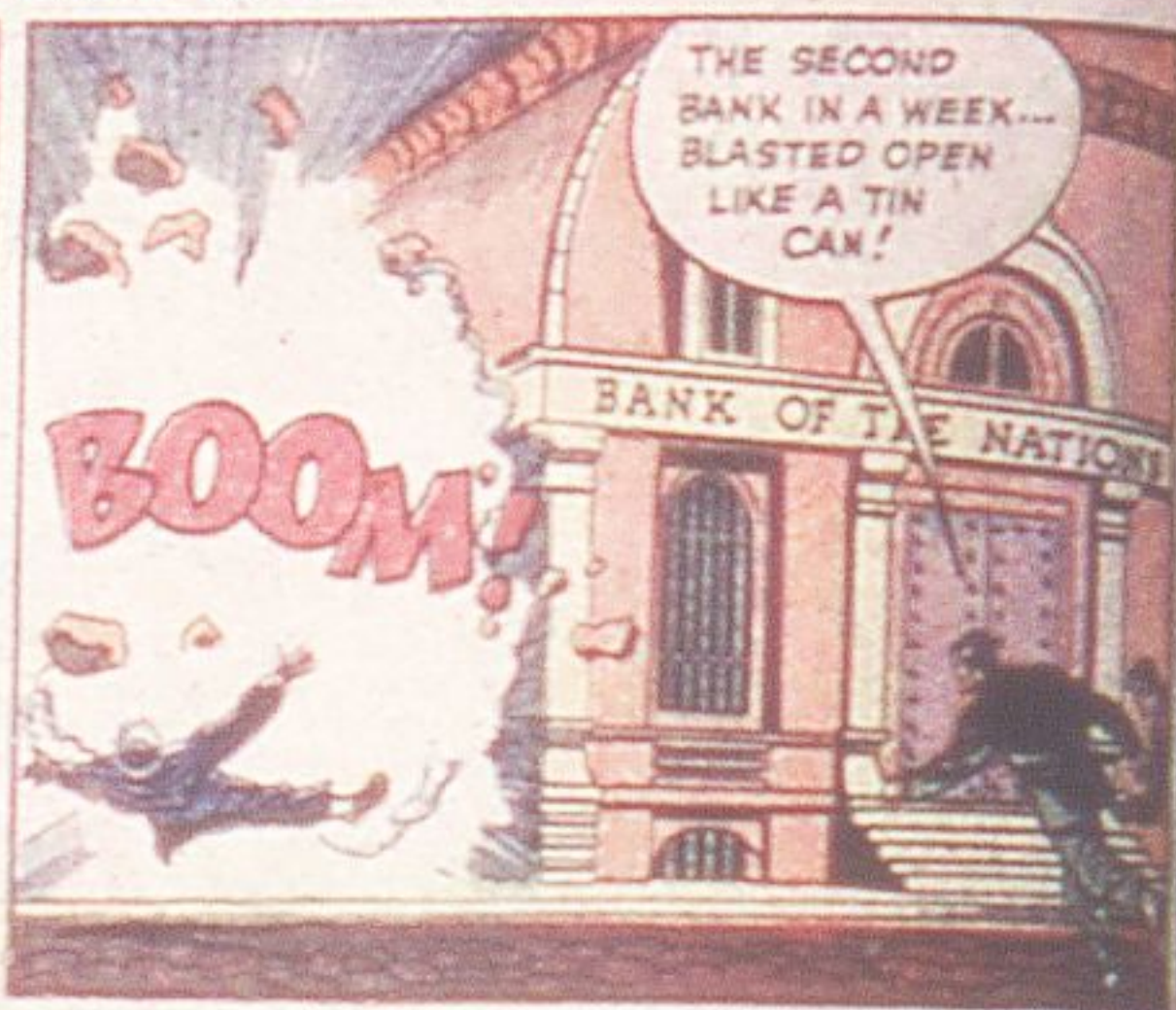
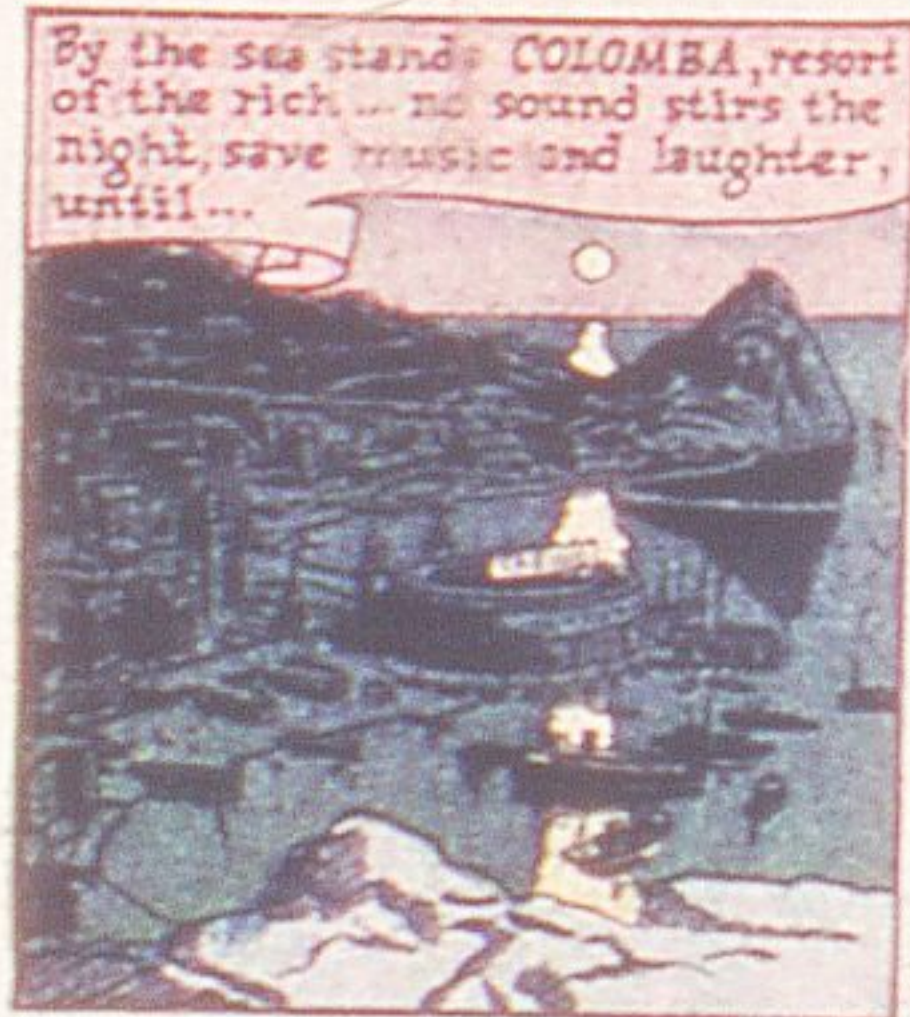
BANNER FIREWORKS MFG. CO., INC. Dept. 748 446 CAPISTRANO TOLEDO 12, OHIO

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BLACKHAWK



By water, land or air.....
The Blackhawks
CONVERGE ON CRIME!
At any moment...and from
any position...they may
strike! And where once
they strike, a second
blow is never needed!









WE HEARD MR. REYNARD'S BROADCAST AND HURRIED HERE AT ONCE! YOU REMEMBER MY FRIEND ANDRE, OF COURSE!

JE SUIS ENCHANTÉ TO SEE YOU AGAIN, M'SIEUR LE PREFET!



THESE OTHERS ARE HENDRICKSON... OLAF... CHUCK... STANISLAUS... AND HERE, UNDER MY HAND, CHOP CHOP!

I WISH I COULD TELL YOU WHERE TO BEGIN! WITH MR. REYNARD UNCONSCIOUS, WE HAVE NO REAL LEAD!



MR. REYNARD THOUGHT THE BANDIT HEADQUARTERS WERE IN OUR FOREIGN SECTION!

MY FRIENDS ARE FOREIGNERS HERE... THEY WON'T BE OUT OF PLACE IN THAT QUARTER! GO LOOK AROUND, MEN!



MEANWHILE, TELL ME... WHAT KIND OF EXPLOSIVE DID SUCH DAMAGE?

THAT'S THE FRIGHTENING PART! WE CAN FIND NO TRACE OF ANY KNOWN EXPLOSIVE... AND WE'VE NO IDEA HOW IT COULD HAVE BEEN PLANTED IN TWO CLOSELY GUARDED BANKS!



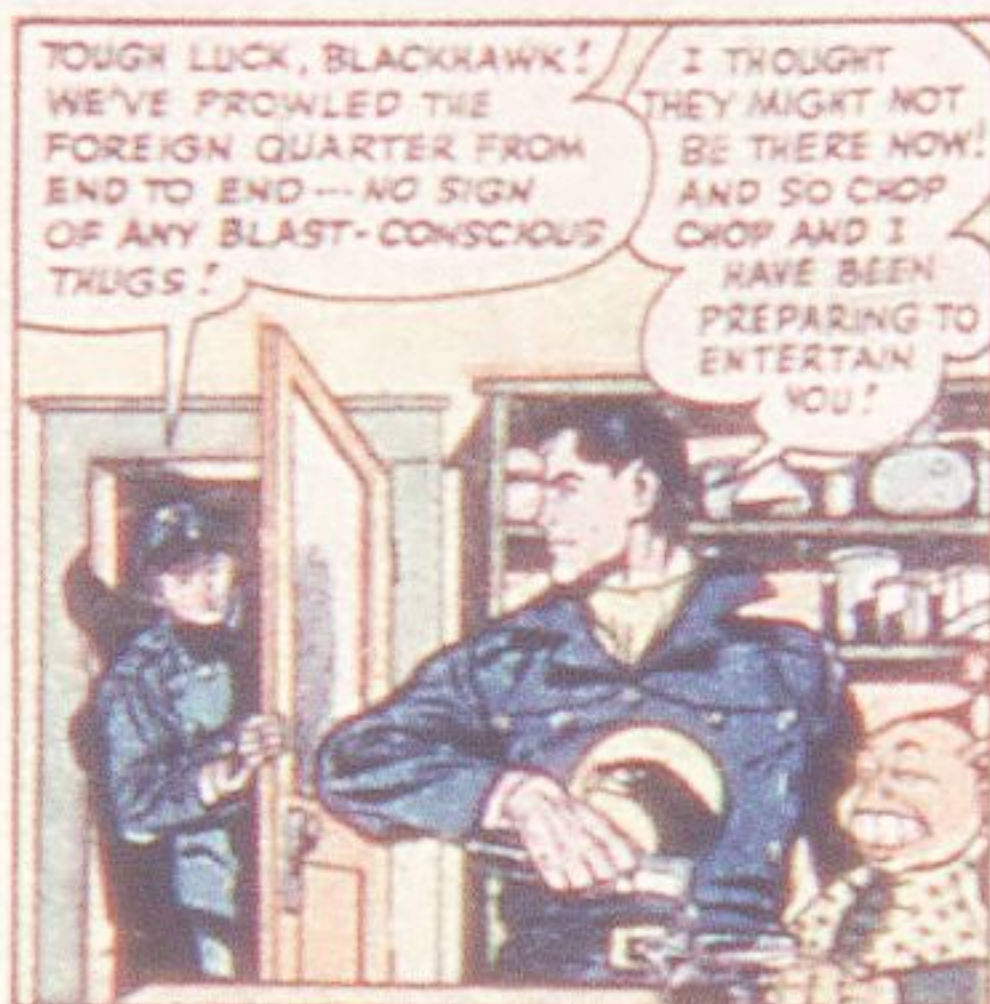
WE HAVE THE BEST OF CRIME LABORATORIES, THE BEST OF TECHNICIANS... YET...

HMM... I SEE, A LITTLE... SUPPOSE CHOP CHOP AND I STOP OFF IN HERE FOR A MOMENT OR SO...

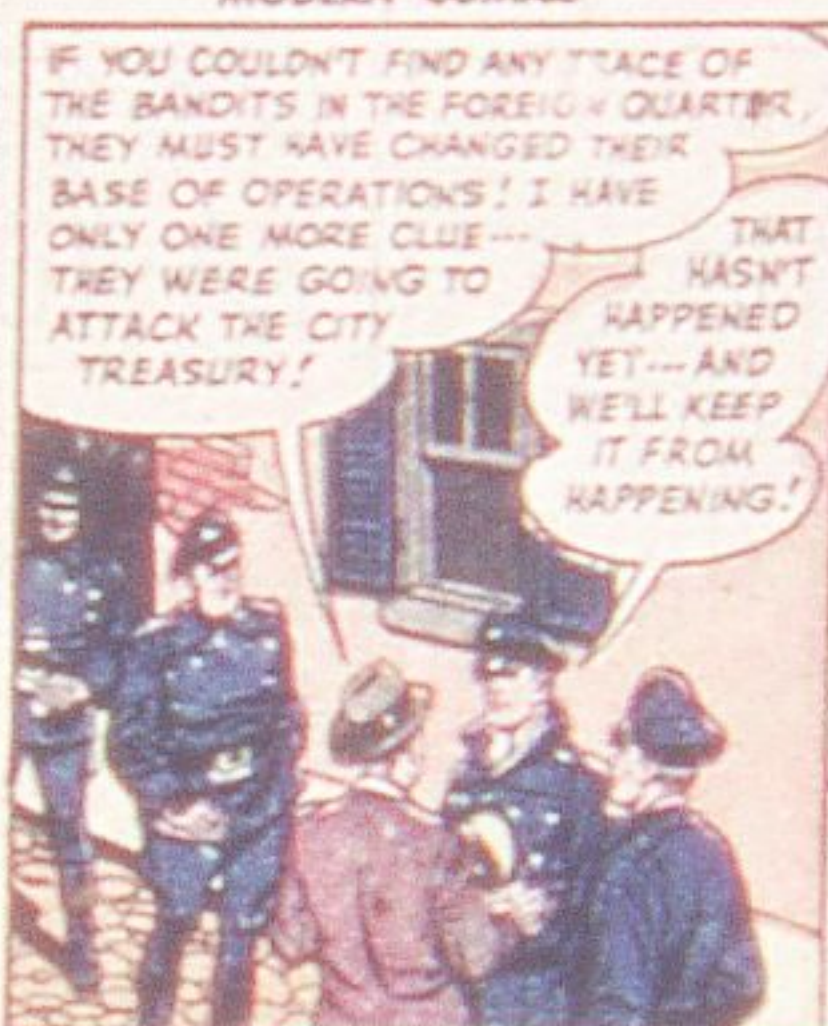


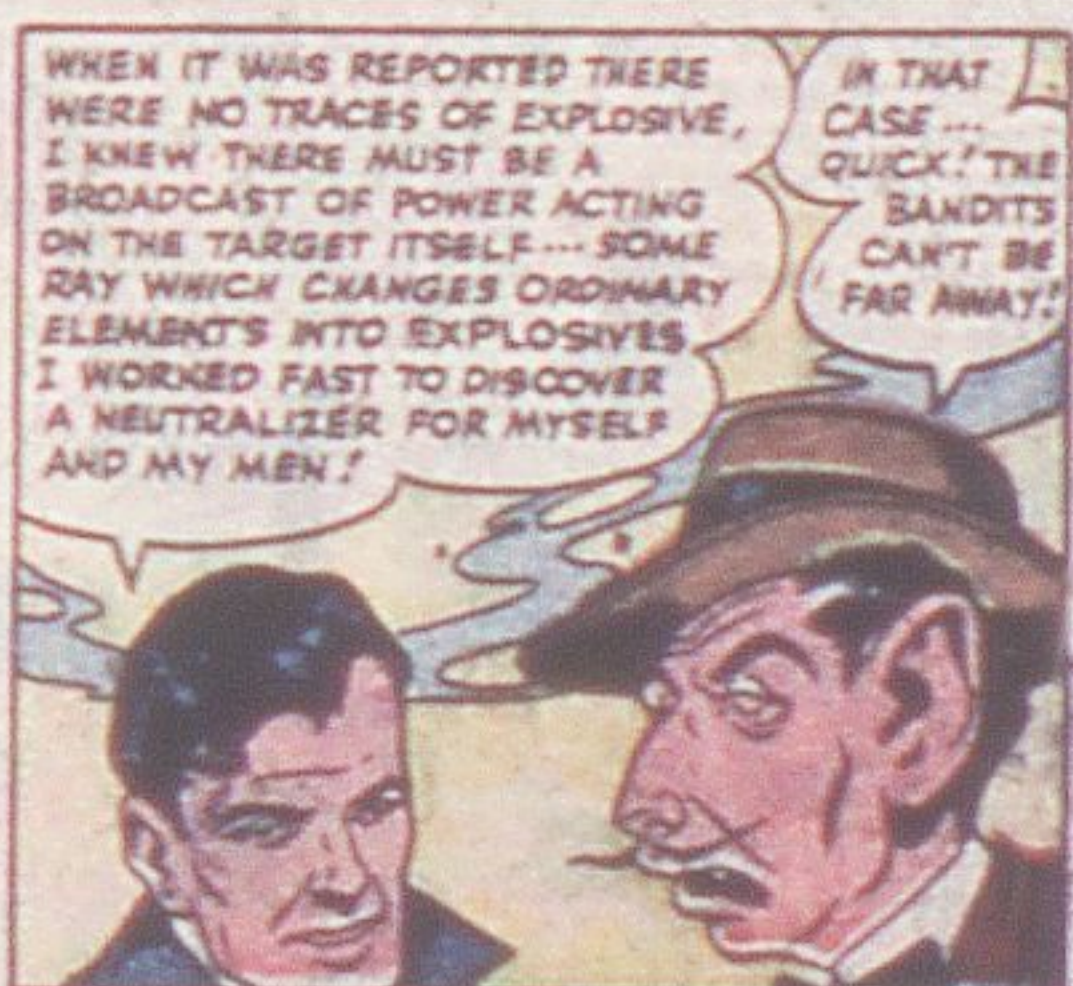
IS PLENTY CRAZY, BLACKHAWK! IF CHOP CHOP HERR SUCH IDEA FROM ANYBODY ELSE, CHOP CHOP SAY HEAP FOOLEE!

AND CHOP CHOP MIGHT BE RIGHT! BUT I BELIEVE IN ALL POSSIBLE PROTECTION!



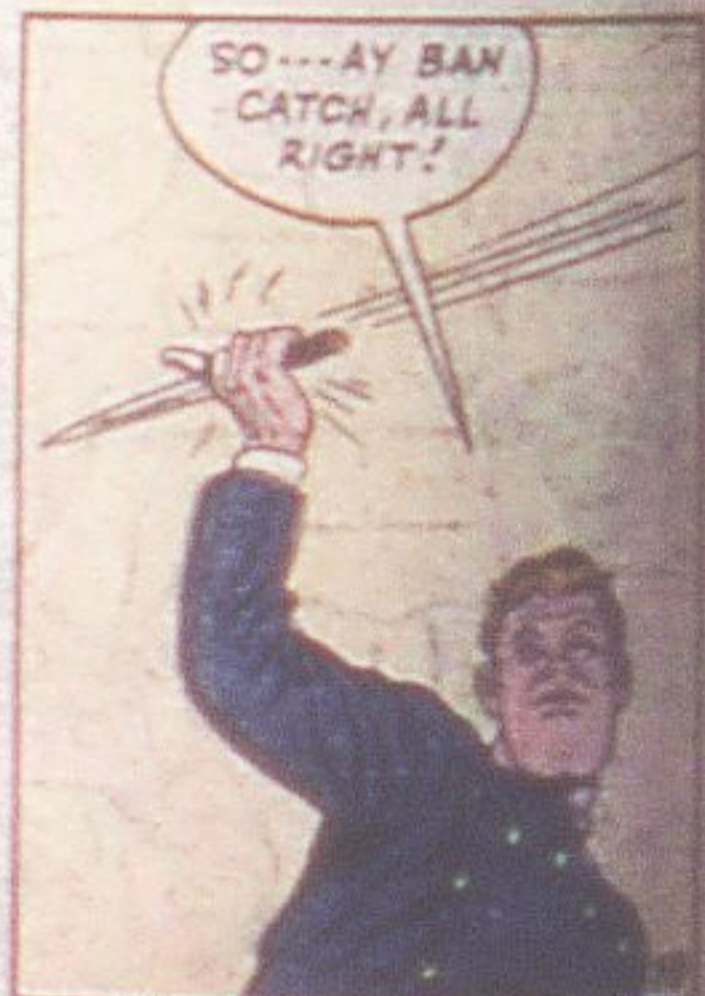




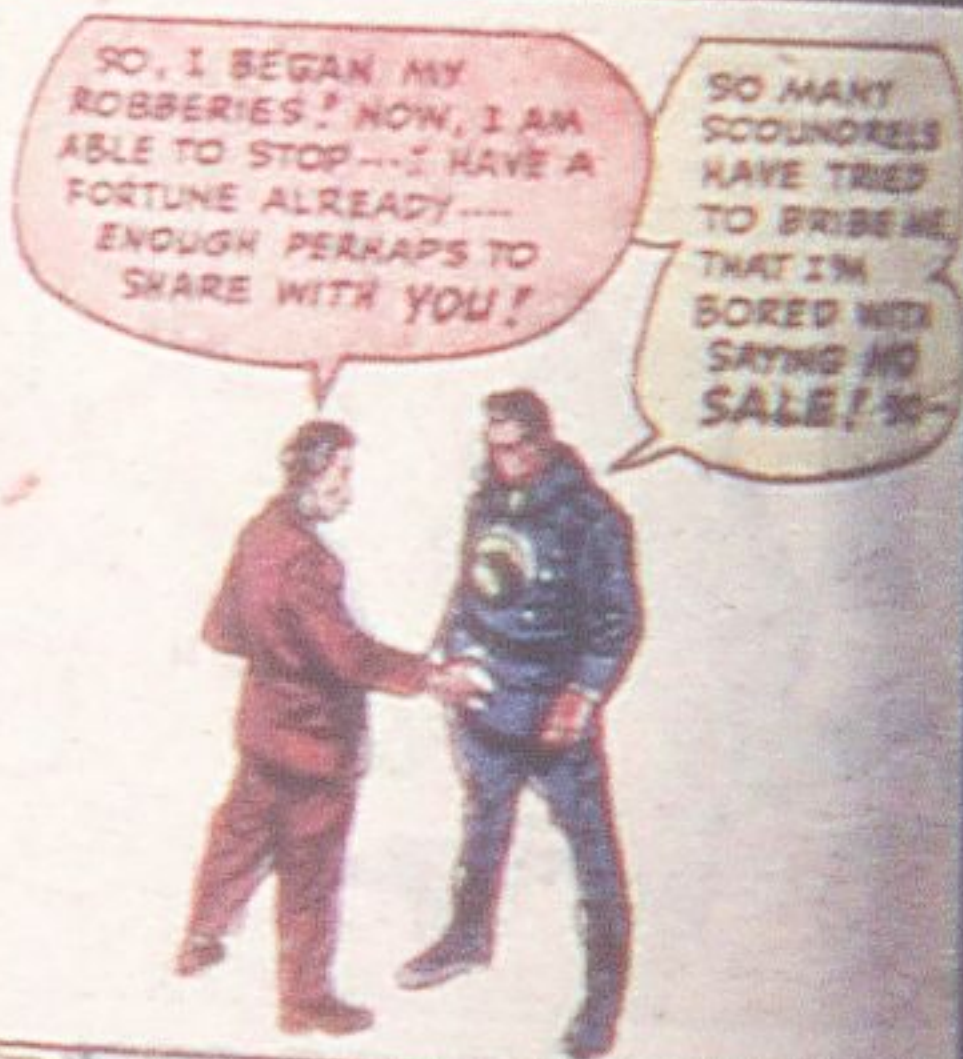
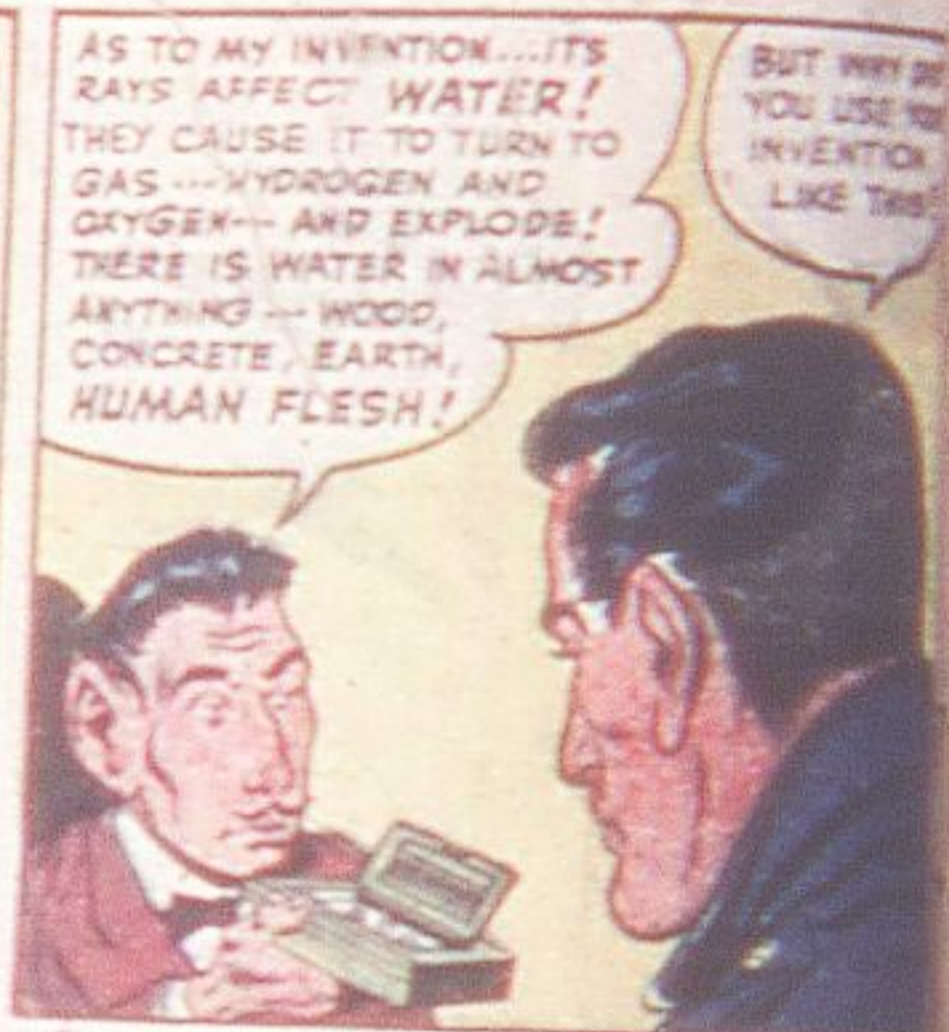




FWEEET!









BLACKHAWK!
WE HAVE CAPTURED
ZE OZZERS! ZE PRE-
FECT OF POLICE HAS
ZEM IN IRONS! WHAT
HAPPENED TO M'SIEU
REYNARD?



AVEC
PLAISIR!



YES---I HAD ALWAYS
HOPED TO DO IT MORE
COMFORTABLY AND
FASHIONABLY THAN
THIS!



HE'S
DEAD!



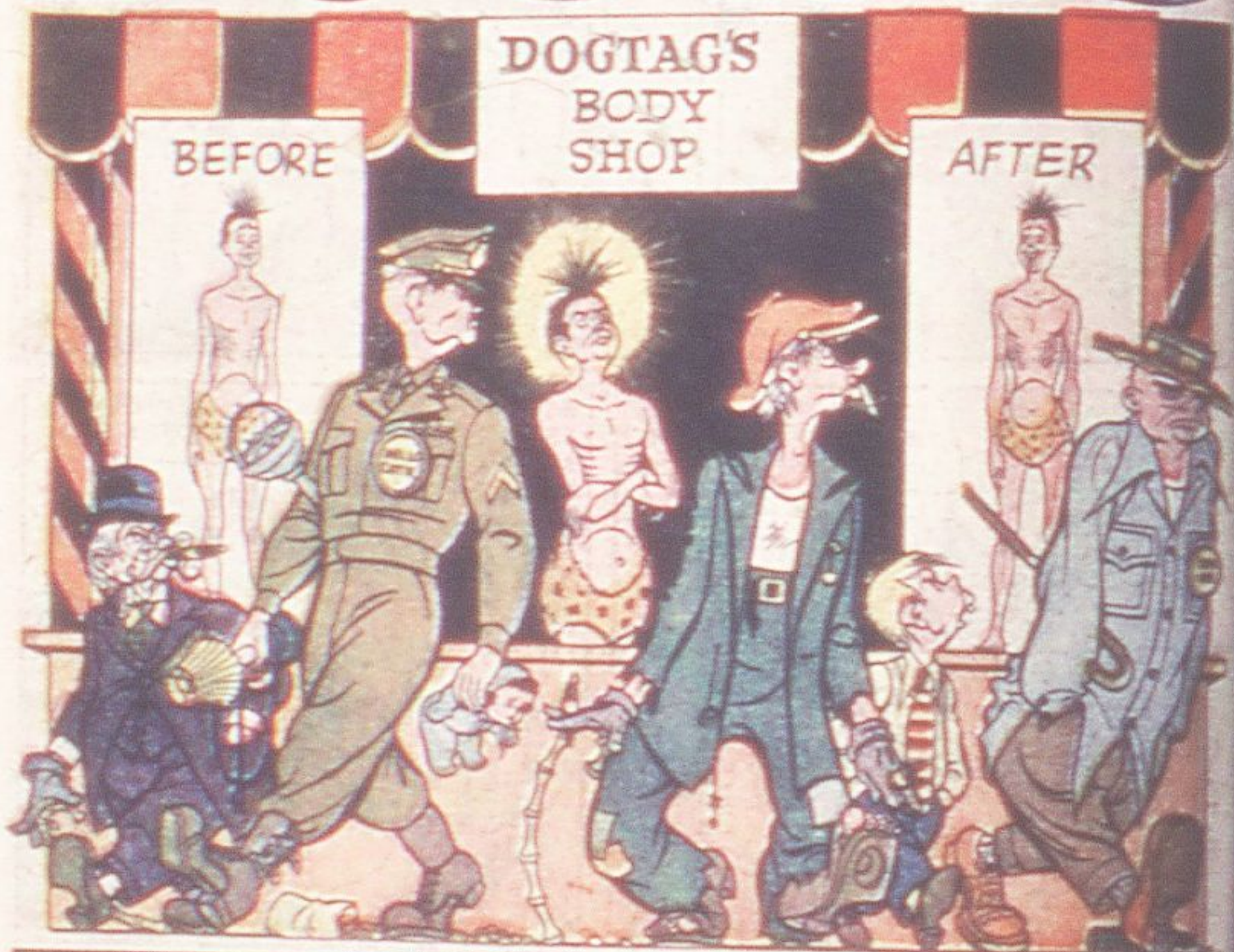
IT'S JUST AS WELL FOR
THE WORLD AT LARGE!
WELL, OUR JOB'S DONE!
LET'S GET BACK TO
OUR PLANES!

Back to Blackhawk Island
fly the adventurers....

The foe who thinks he's wise,
Soon blunders, falls and dies--
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



DOGTAG



THAT'S THE THIRD THREATENING
LETTER IN THREE DAYS.
DOGTAG, I'M GOING TO
ADVERTISE FOR A
BODYGUARD!

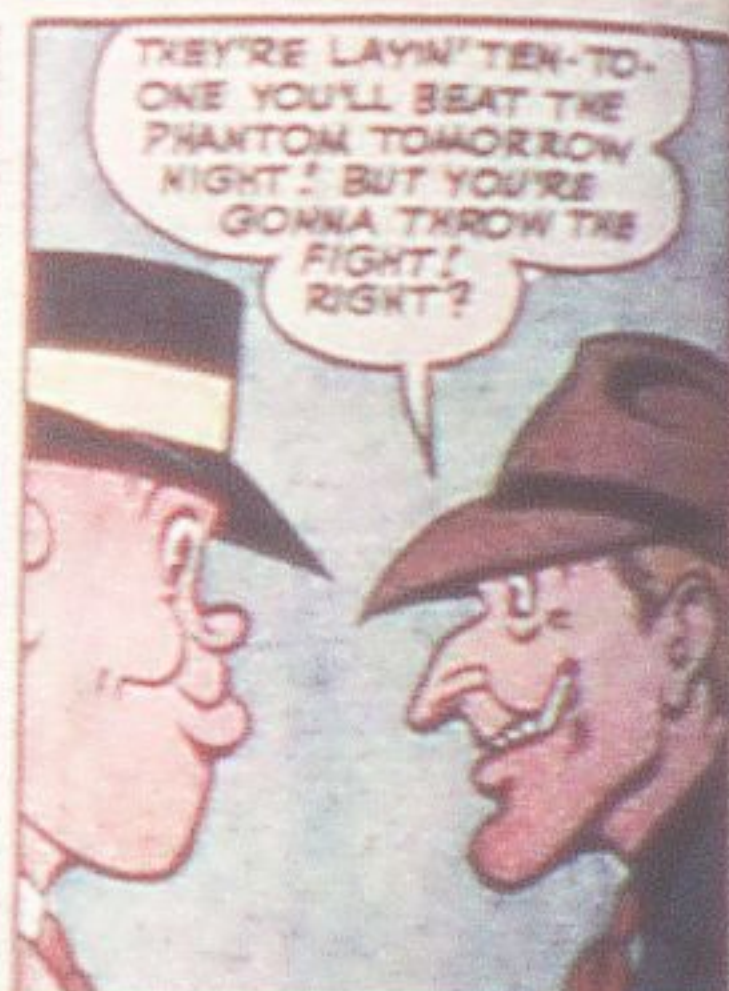
YES,
SIR!

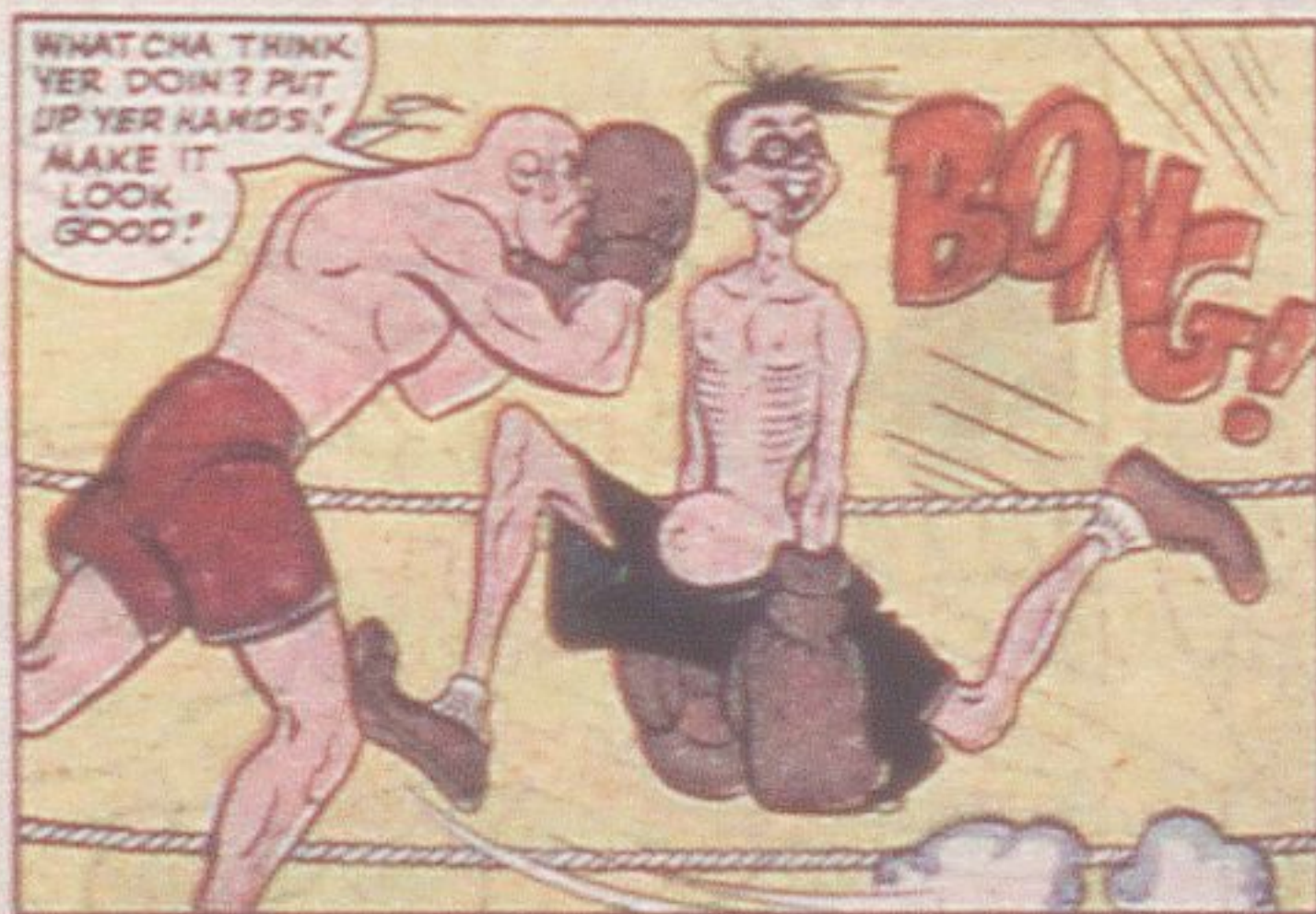
ALSO I WANT TO TAKE
A COURSE IN SELF-
DEFENSE, BUT I
DON'T HAVE THE
TIME! SO, YOU
TAKE IT FOR
ME!

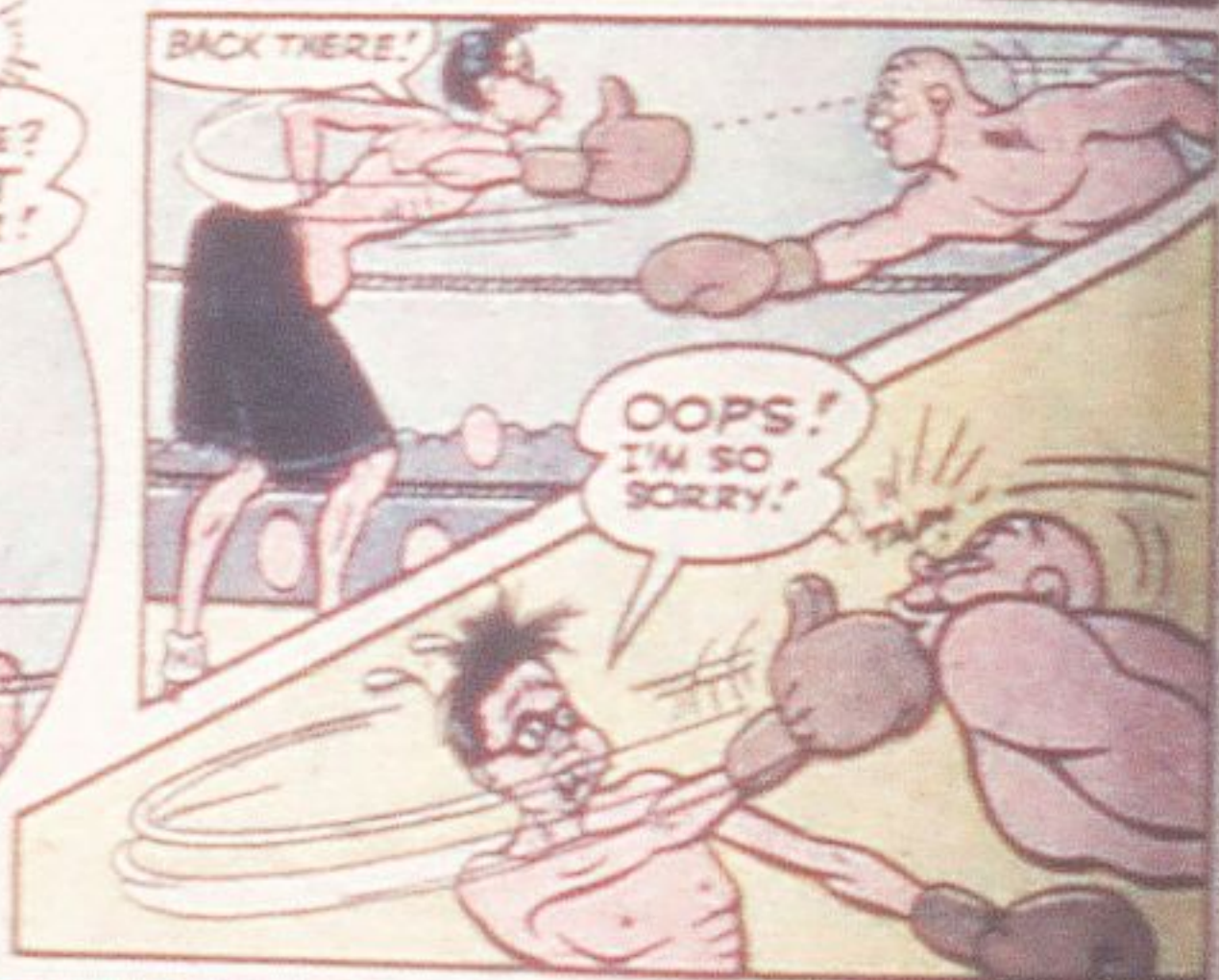
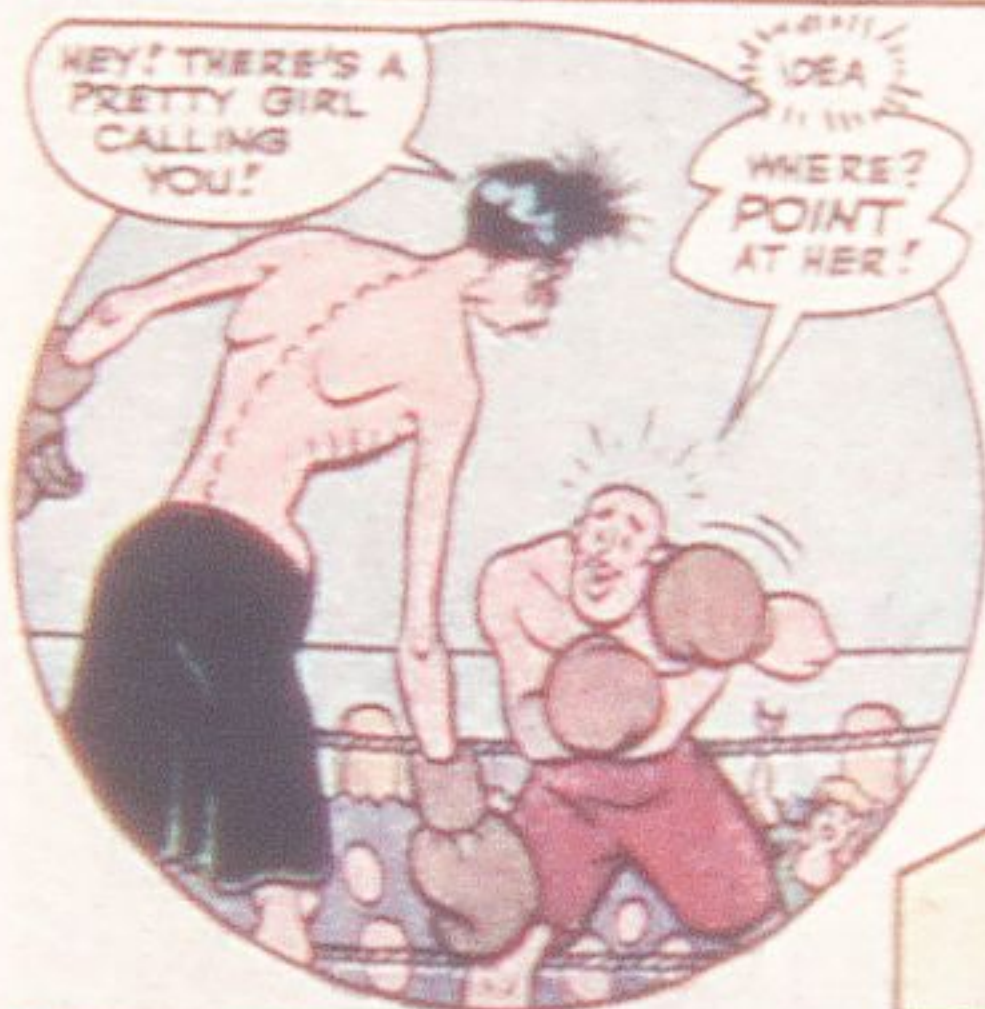
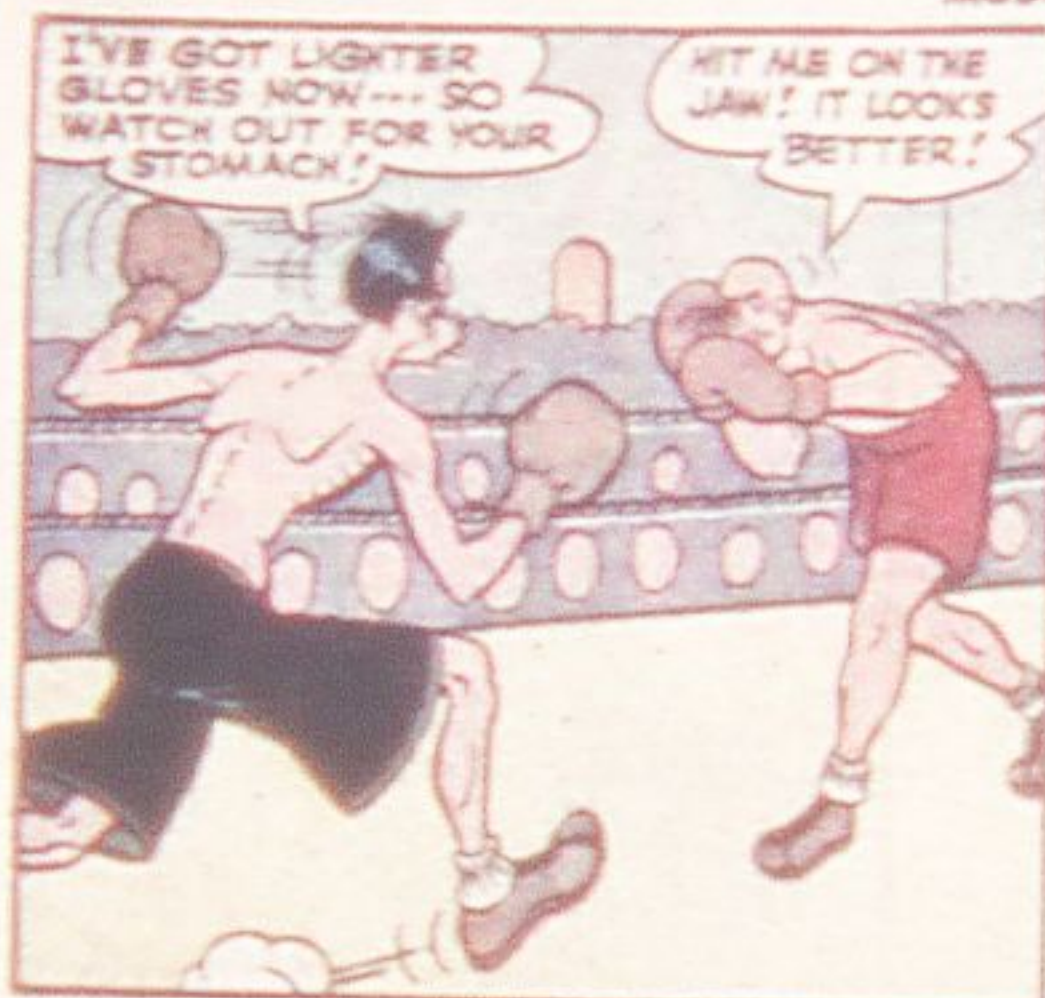
BUT, BOSS! I DON'T
KNOW ONE END OF
A DUMBBELL FROM
THE OTHER!

2201



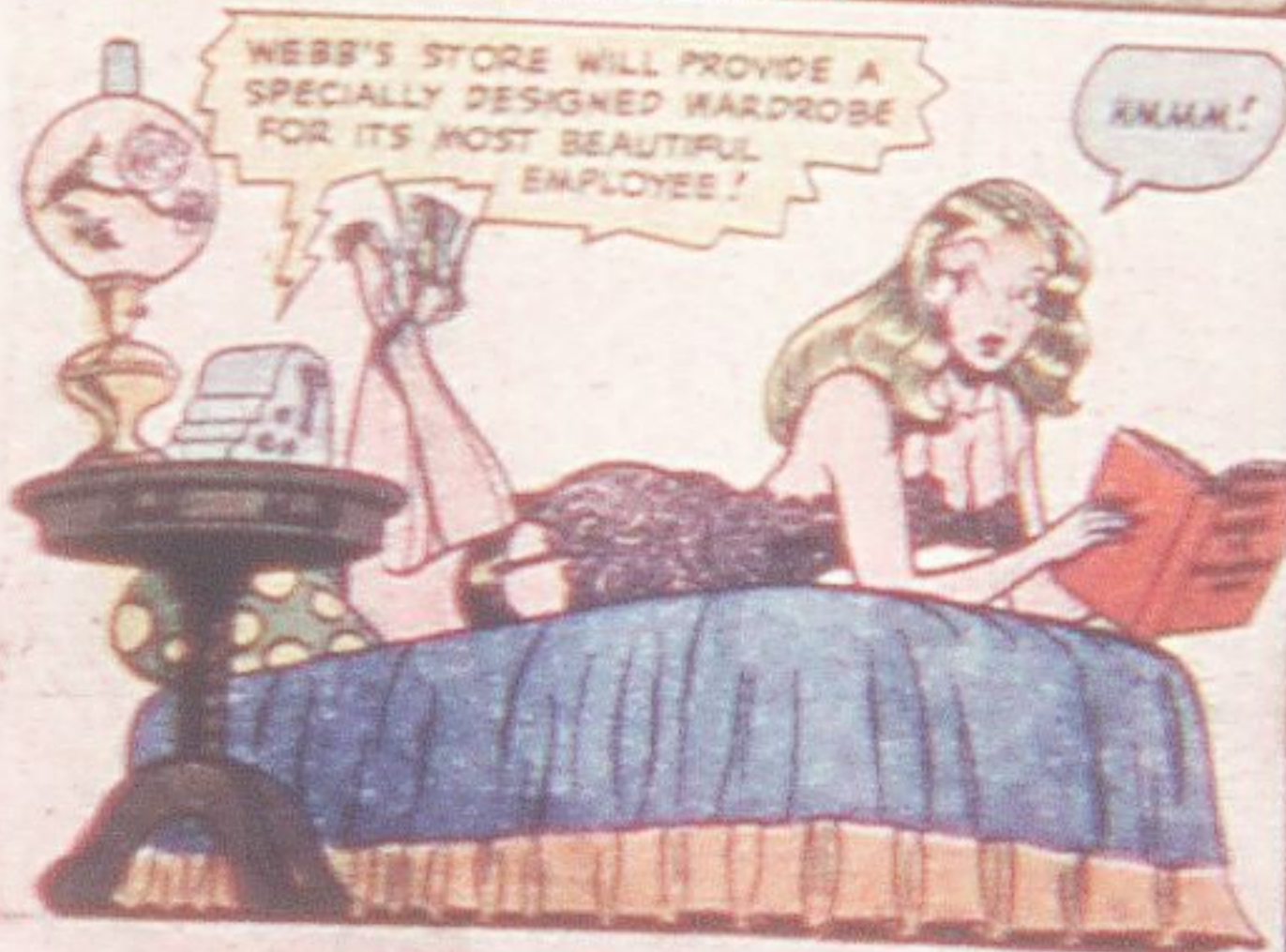








TORCHY



AND CLOTHES DESIGNED BY MEZZUROFF WILL GIVE ME JUST THE LIFT I NEED!



GOLLY, I'LL HAVE TO HURRY!



I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DEPARTMENT STORE WORK, BUT—

BUT-- BUT NOTHING! YOU'RE HIRED!



MR. MEZZUROFF SAID HE NEEDED MORE HELP IN HIS DEPARTMENT!

GOOD! I CAN MODEL THE CLOTHES I'LL WIN IN THE CONTEST!



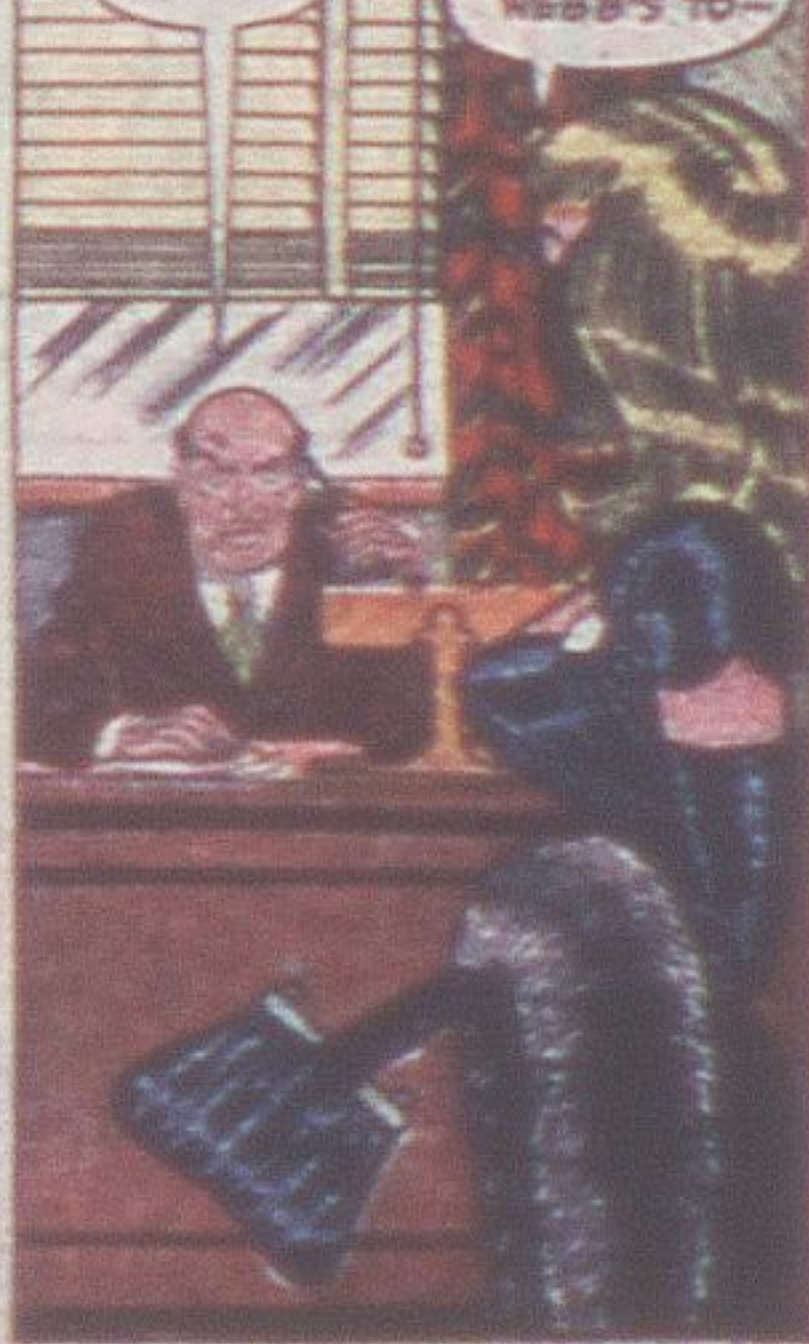
MORE HELP FOR YOUR DEPARTMENT, MR. MEZZUROFF!

TUT, TUT! IT'S ABOUT TIME! I'M JUST SO OVER-WORKED I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



YOU'RE HARDLY THE TYPE FOR THE JOB, MISS— MISS—

MISS TORCHY! I REALLY WANT TO WORK AT WEBB'S TO—









HO, HUM!
YOU TALKED
ME INTO
IT!

MMMM... MUST BE
ALMOST TIME TO
GO...



GOSH! EVERYBODY'S
GONE!



WELL, ANYWAY, THIS GIVES
ME THE CHANCE TO TRY ON
MEZZUOFF'S DRESSES!
THE ONLY CHANCE
I'LL EVER HAVE!



I DON'T
WANT TO
LOOK AT
YOUR NEW
DESIGNS
NOW,
MEZZUOFF!

BUT MR. WEBB!
YOU'LL HAVE
TO DECIDE
ON THE WINNER
TOMORROW...
AND I WANT
YOU TO SEE
THE GOWN'S
FIRST!

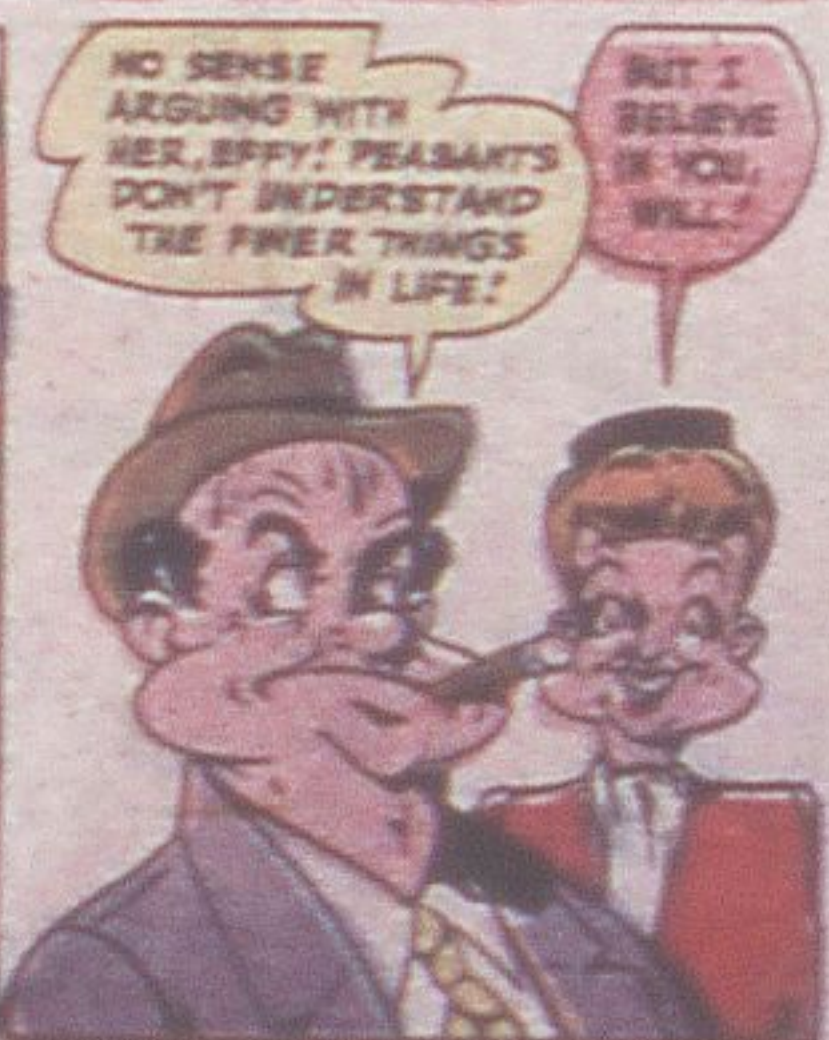
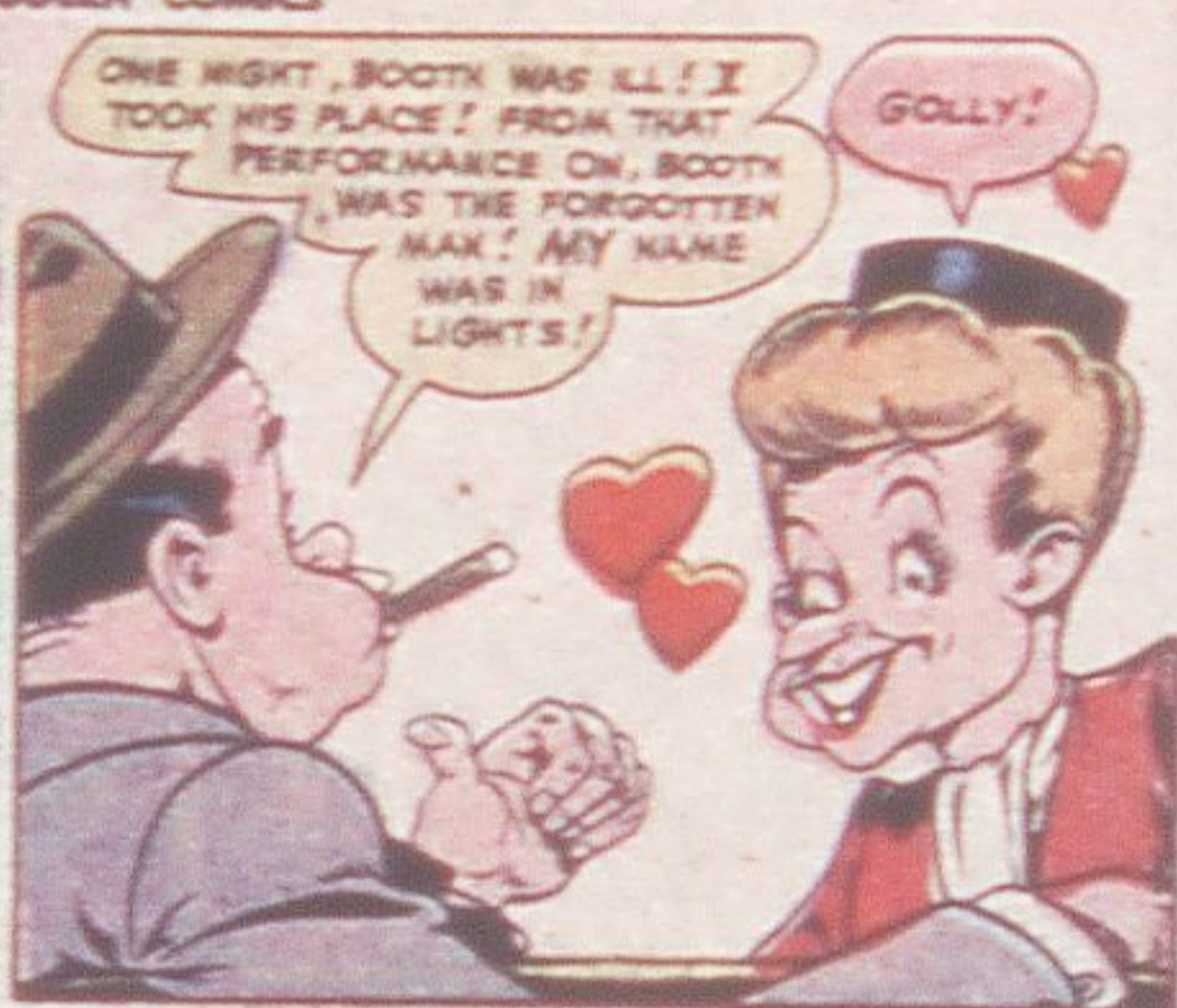


I'M CONVINCED
WE HAVEN'T GOT
A BEAUTIFUL
EMPLOYEE...
CERTAINLY NOT
THE SOUR-FACED
GAL YOU WANT
TO WIN!

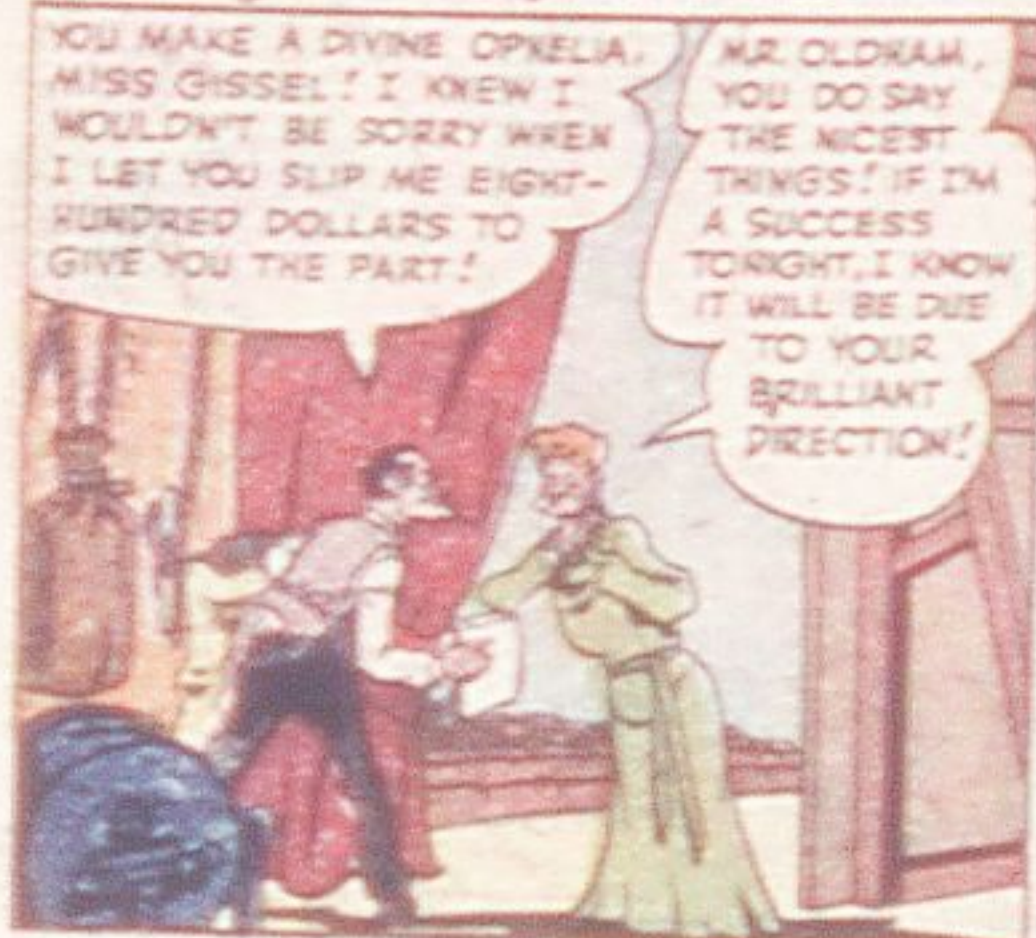
BUT MR.
WEBB! ARE
HERE'S THE
FLOOR!







The night of the performance.....



"I MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF THOSE NERVOUS EXCLAMATIONS I'M SO FULL OF BEFORE A PERFORMANCE! I'M JUST GOING OUT FOR A BREATH OF AIR TO CALM MY NERVES!"

"YOU POOR, SENSITIVE ARTIST! I DO UNDERSTAND!"



"YOU WON'T NEED THAT! LET'S GO!"

"Y-YES!"



"DEAR, OH DEAR! TWO MINUTES PAST CURTAIN TIME AND NO SIGN OF MR. OLDHAM!"

"WHAT SHALL WE DO?"



"THE AUDIENCE IS GETTING RESTLESS! OH—I SEE WILL BRAGG! HE'LL BE OUR SALVATION!"

"HOW?"



"WILL WAS A CELEBRATED SHAKESPEARIAN ACTOR AT ONE TIME! I'LL HAVE AN USHER CALL HIM!"



"YOU'RE WANTED BACKSTAGE, SIR!"

"ME? AREM! WELL—THEY PROBABLY NEED MY ADVICE!"



"THE BIG PHONY PROBABLY SNEAKED IN WITHOUT BUYING A TICKET AND THEY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!"









EZRA

...NOW FOR THE
SIXTY-FOUR
MILLION
DOLLAR QUESTION!

QUIZ
SHOW

GO
AHEAD!
ASK ME!

BOOK
OF
WISDOM

\$64
PRIZE

\$64
PRIZE

\$64
PRIZE

\$64
PRIZE

\$64
PRIZE

OBOY! WAIT! MYRNA HEARS
ABOUT THAT NEW SWINGTETTE
COMING TO THE SAVOY TONIGHT!
SHE'LL REALLY GET
SENT!

OPERATOR!
ZIZZLE THOSE WIRES
AND DIS ME MAJOR
628 F!



HAHA! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? ALL I GOTTA DO IS STUMP THIS PASTA FAZOO CHARACTER AND WIN THE BOOK OF WISDOM!

WHILE INSIDE THE TEST...

BEFORE YOU ASK ME THE QUESTIONS, I MUST FIRST EXPLAIN THE AMAZING PHENOMENON WHICH TAKES PLACE EEN MY HEAD! I AM A GENIUS! THE MIND OF A GENIUS WORKS LIKE A COMPLEEKATED MACHINE!

WHEN AS YOU ASK THE QUESTION, LEEETLE WHEELS, CAMS, COGS, GEARSTONS AND SPREEKINGS CONJUNCTION EENSIDE MY HEAD! OUT COMES THE ANSWER!

OKAY, MULTIPLY THE SUM OF 650 AND 150 BY TWICE THEIR DIFFERENCE



THE ANSWER EES 1,320,000!

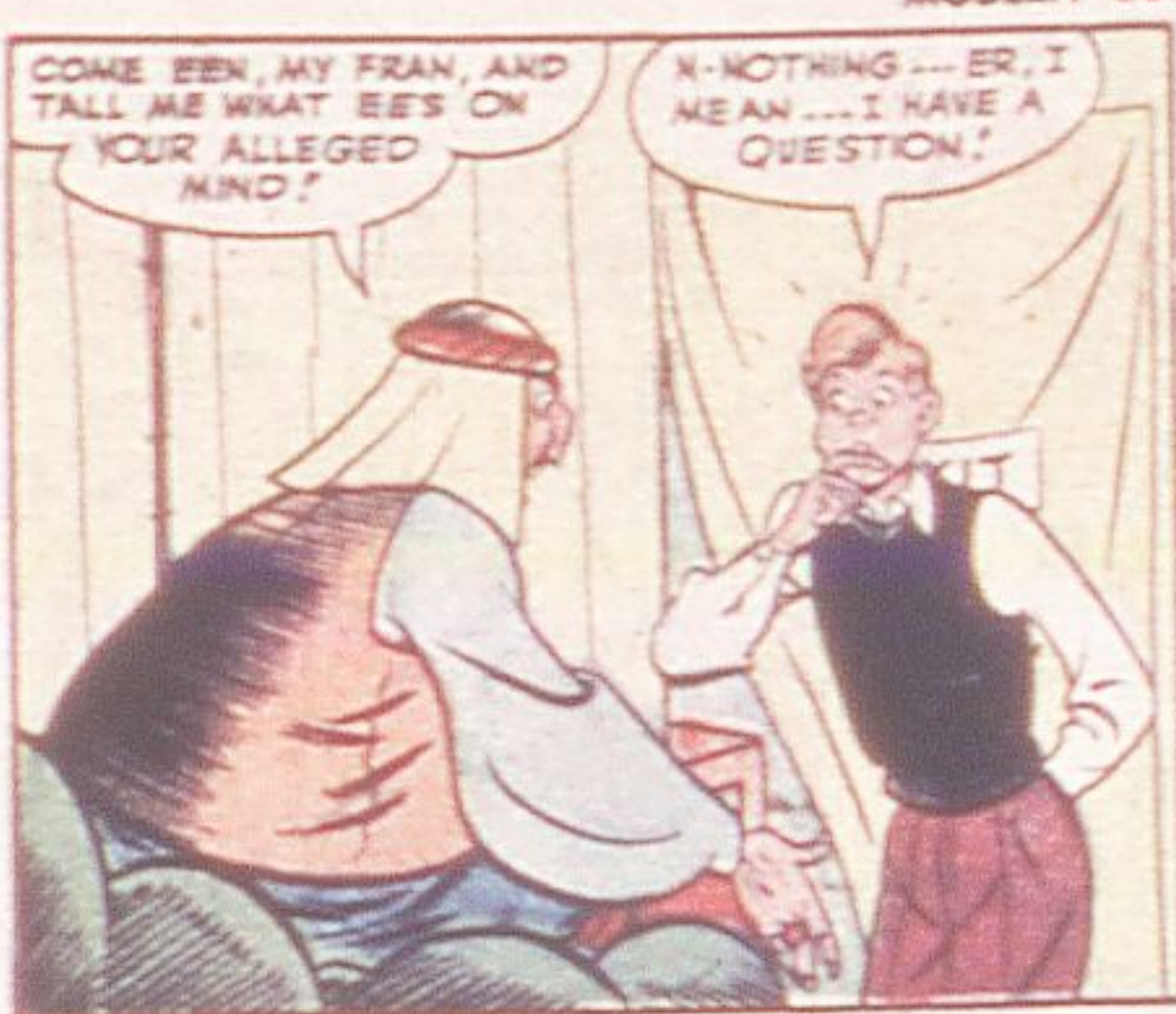
HE'S RIGHT! AND I SPENT TWO WEEKS AND FOUR HOURS FIGURIN' IT OUT!

MULTIPLY 120 DAYS BY THREE DAYS, ADD SIX DAYS - AND WHAT DO YOU GET?

DOCK SOUP! THE ANSWER IS LEAP YEAR

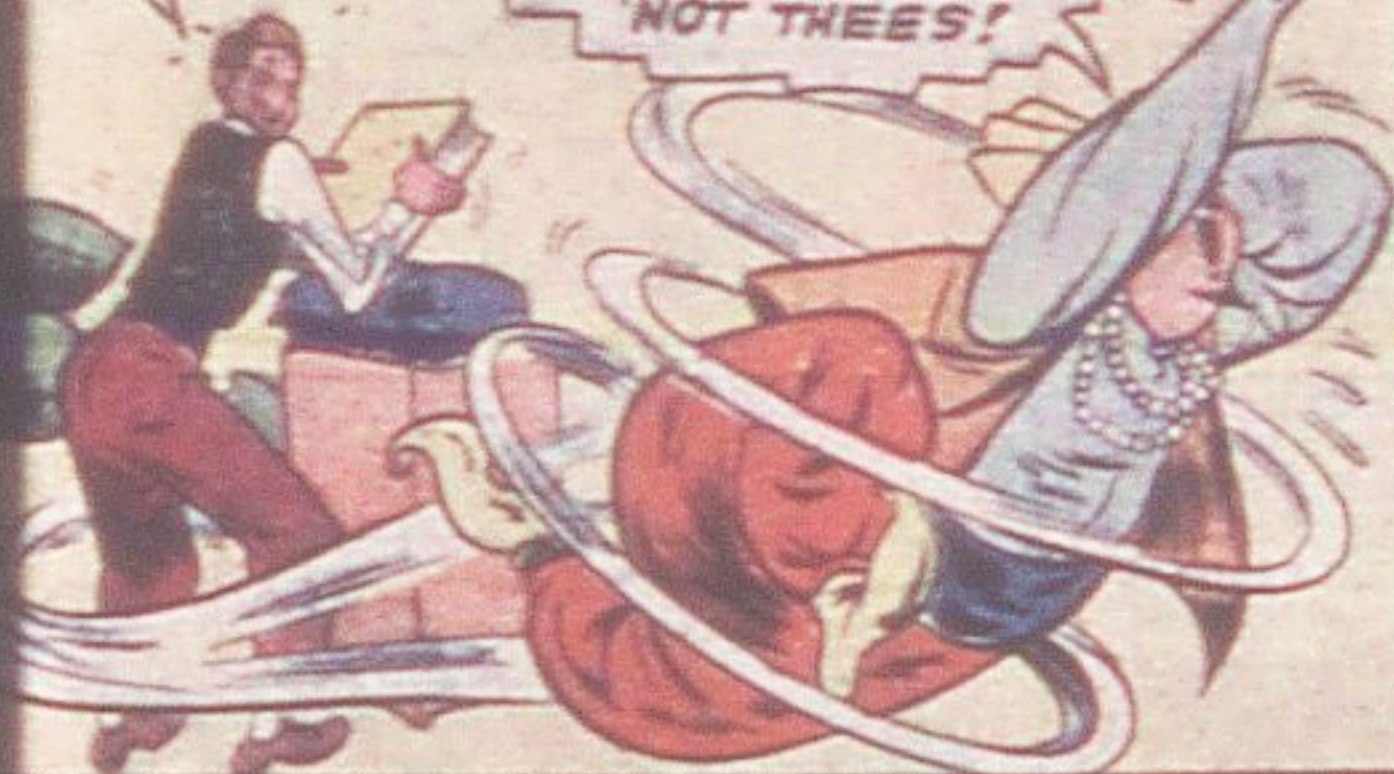
THE GUY'S SEXSATIONAL! A GENIUS!

NOT ONLY THAT, HE'S SMART!



GOSH! I GUESS
I'VE WON! THE PROBLEM
WAS TOO TOUGH FOR
ME!

BLUBBLE-UB! MY MIND IS A
WRACK! MY MACHINERY WAS
GEARED FOR PROBLEMS OF
NUCLEAR PHYSICS...GEOMETRY
--- CALCULUS --- BUT
NOT THEES!



THE BOOK OF WISDOM!
GOSH! I CAN FEEL NEW
STRENGTH SURGING
THROUGH ME LIKE A
BROKEN DAM!



WORKS?
EZZA, YOU
MAY HAVE NO
DISE, BUT YOU'RE
DONNA HAVE LOTS
OF GIRLS!

GEE, I WONDER
WHAT BIT HIM?
HE'S WEAVING
DOWN THE
STREET LIKE
A SCARED
ANT!

HEY,
EZZA!



YOU'D BETTER
TRUCK DOWN
TO THE SUGAR
BOWL AND DIG
YOUR DUCATS
FOR THE
SHINDIG
TONIGHT!

SHINDIG?
WHAT AN
UTTERLY
REPULSIVE
MANIFESTATION
OF GUTTER
VERNACULAR!
UGH!



GULP! I BETTER FIND A
SOFT SPOT TO LAY DOWN
ON! THE SHOCK'S TOO
SEVERE FOR ME!



MUST PERSEVERE! NOTHING
MUST PETER OR DISTRACT ME
FROM MY ULTIMATE PURPOSE
AND THIS BOOK!

THERE'S A LOCAL
LAD, GIRLS!
MAYBE HE CAN
TAKE US TO THE
COUNTRY
CLUB!

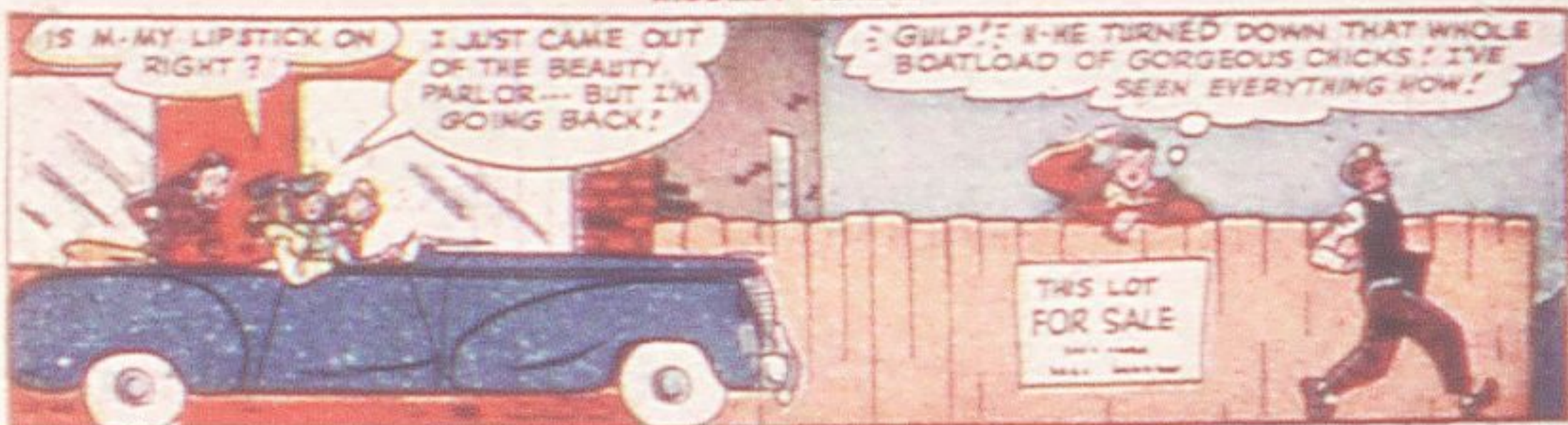
MAAM!
AND A
HANDSOME
TOO!



PARDON ME, BUT I WONDER
IF YOU COULD DIRECT US TO
THE COUNTRY CLUB, OR
MAYBE HOP IN AND SHOW
US THE WAY!

SORRY! I
HAVE NO TIME
FOR PRO-
CRASTINATION!
YOU'LL HAVE TO
INQUIRE OF THE
CONSTABULARY
FOR DIRECTIONS!







ULP! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANYONE EVER PUT THE SKIDS UNDER BING-BANG BROPHY! PERHAPS I'VE MISJUDGED EZRA!



HI, SAMSON! WHY DIDN'T YOU BUZZ ME FOR A DATE TO THE JAM SESSION TONIGHT? DEAN DILSBURY CALLED TWICE!

BY ALL MEANS LET DEAN ESCORT YOU TO THE AFFAIR, MYRNA! HE'S A FINE CHAP!



BUT, EZRA, I--ER--THOUGHT YOU'D RATHER---THAT IS, I'D RATHER---

SORRY, MYRNA, BUT I MUST HURRY HOME TO DO SOME IMPORTANT RESEARCH!



GEE, I MUST BE SLIPPING! EZRA'S SO DIFFERENT---SO DEBONAIR AND SOPHISTICATED! WHAT COULD HAVE MADE ME THINK OTHERWISE?



HOME AT LAST! NOW I CAN SOAK UP THIS WISDOM IN PRIVACY! THE WORLD IS MINE!



DR. BLAKE? PLEASE HURRY RIGHT OVER! EZRA HAS FALLEN INTO A VIOLENT DELIRIUM! HE KEEPS MUTTERING IN SOME STRANGE DIALECT!

GLUBBLE--
TK--
BLURMPGH--
BLUB--
UB--

Satan's Brood

THE flight of small, speedy planes lifted out of the great crater like a locust swarm of deadly red insects. For they were painted bright red—to create fear and terror.

The man in the lead plane, a stone-faced, evil-eyed rascal, cast a glance over the infernal terrain and mentally shivered. Ice. Hundreds of miles of solid ice and snow and banshee-wailing winds.

The North Pole!

Prince Vulcan—that's what the leader called himself—grinned maliciously. In the year since he had discovered the Polar Pit he had done all right. He and his satan-spawned followers had terrorized half the world and shaken it down for millions of dollars.

Prince Vulcan leaned back in the cockpit and flipped the radio on.

"Proceed to Siberia and await orders," he said, and closed the circuit.

Yes, he had done all right. Funny, how he had stumbled upon the vast Polar Pit. He had been flying for a transport company then. His plane had come down (clogged oil line) right smack against the ice barriers of the Polar gap. What's more, he had landed within a hundred feet of an enormous crater.

Exploring, he had discovered that the crater seemed bottomless; and a warm air rushed up from it.

It had been a simple matter to fix the oil line and take off. Prince Vulcan (his name had been less sensational once) headed into the crater. It was more than a mile across. Down,—down he had flown. And at last his plane had shot out into a vast cavern; so vast that its farthest sides were lost to view, as was its ceiling.

Here then was the core of the earth he had heard so much about—mostly from fiction writers. Here was another world in the very middle of the globe!

Prince Vulcan got the idea even then. Here was a hideaway that could never be found. Tainted with a definite criminal streak, he had thereupon formulated a plan—a monstrous, incredible plan.

And now . . . Prince Vulcan glanced back to see his flight of a hundred little flaming red planes winging steadily in his wake. Yes, it had taken only a short time to round up a force of men, evil beyond belief, to train them, to send them forth on the most terrible raids the world had ever seen.

Blackhawk and his six loyal assistants were flying high over the southern tip of Siberia when Chuck, at the controls, called out, "Blackhawk! Am I crazy, or is that a molten lake?"

Blackhawk peered below. He could see a seething mass of what looked like brimstone. It extended for several miles.

"Go down lower," he ordered.

Andre, the French member of the crew, who acted as navigator, did some fast checking. "Eet ees strange, mes ami," he said, "but where that fire ees, once stood a Siberian city."

Blackhawk nodded. "I was afraid of that. I think we have something here—some of that devil's work, Prince Vulcan!"

"Himmel!" gasped Hendrickson, the big Dutchman. "Dot iss a slow-burning gas, ja! I haf yoozt taken a reading."

The Scandinavian, Olaf, was making a search of chemical reports. "But a gas, Hendrickson! How! Gas ban burns quickly by yupiter, and she's out!"

Hendrickson snorted. "Bah, not dot gas, Olaf. You remember, Prince Vulcan invented a new one—ja, a gas that burns like molten metal."

Blackhawk said, "We must land, see what the Bend has done. There may be survivors."

The big plane came down and the seven men piled out. They were several hundred yards from the edge of the molten mass, but still the heat was so intense it burned their faces.

Stanislaus, who hailed from some unknown Balkan country, edged a little closer, holding a hand over his eyes. He carried a strange looking instrument.

"Come back, Stan!" called Blackhawk. "You know we've tried numerous times to get a sample of that stuff; best is too great."

"But," cried Stanislaus, "when it cools there is nothing—nothing to sample!"

Blackhawk nodded. "I know, but we've got to end this wave of murder in some other manner. If we could only find out where those devils make their headquarters!"

The Russian authorities were arriving in fast planes. They surrounded the scene of the devastation. One of them said to Blackhawk, "It's like the other two times—nothing left, no clues. All lives lost, and everything consumed in that ghastly inferno!"

Another said, "I wonder what Prince Vulcan's loot was this time! Navarod was a city

of eighty thousand people. Wealthy, too. Yes, he must have collected heavily here."

"But how does he accomplish the looting if he burns the place first?" demanded Chuck. "I don't get it."

The Russian official shook his head. "Ah, he is clever, that one. He first rings the area with his infernal fire, then orders everybody into the square. They are told to bring out all their money, jewels, the contents of banks and vaults. He tells them that he will spare their lives if they work fast." The Russian smiled sardonically.

"But he mows 'em down instead," said Chuck, "after he takes in the treasure!"

Chop Chop, the little Chinese member of the Blackhawk crew, came running up with a tray of refreshing drinks. He caught the last of Chuck's statement.

"Pincee Vulcan dirty lat." Then he lapsed into a string of Oriental calculated to singe Vulcan's feet.

It was good for a laugh, even in the midst of such horror and death. But Blackhawk's face was serious. He made a mental vow that instant.

"Colonel Rokoff," he said to the Russian in command, "I've been on the trail of this monster for some time. So far I've not found a clue. But from this moment on, I declare eternal war on him!"

Rokoff looked solemn. "We've never caught a glimpse of him, Blackhawk. We've seen some of his planes, even tried catching them in our fastest pursuit ships. He burned them out of the sky!"

"You mean," said Blackhawk, "that he uses this molten stuff in flight?"

"But yes! A score of our ships have gone down a mass of flames."

"Hm," said Blackhawk. Here was something he would have to prepare for. "We'll find a way to trap him, never fear," he said to the Russian.

"The world then will owe you a great debt," Rokoff said.

They were in flight again, winging south and east. Blackhawk said to Chuck, "They must hide out somewhere up here on the roof of the world. But where?"

"Mebbe they live with the Eskimos," grinned Chuck.

Blackhawk whirled. "Chuck! That reminds me of an old legend of the Eskimos—the one about the pit of the demons! I've always found that most legends have some basis in fact. There may be an old crater up here somewhere that science knows nothing about."

They searched the Polar waste for weeks, and then their instruments told them they were flying above a great hole. Soon they could see

it—a black dot in the white expanse. They came down hurriedly.

A hasty reconnoitering showed beyond doubt that here was the spot they were looking for. "It has to be it," said Blackhawk. "And here's what we must do." He gave a series of orders, then took off in the light, fleet plane they carried in the larger ship.

Blackhawk headed into the hole, using rocket power. Soon he was flying around in the enormous cave at the middle of the earth. It was a world indeed.

He landed, left the ship. Here were the barracks of the outlaw gang; they required no shack or cabins since they were completely shut in. And then Blackhawk heard a loud hissing from nearby. He found a small iron building with its door open. Inside there was a laboratory—racks of glass retorts filled with a greenish gas.

"Ah!" said Blackhawk. "Here is their supply of molten gas! And—yes, here is the well, or mine, from which it comes—right here in the middle of the earth!"

The gas hissed from a crevice, crystalizing in drops like ice on the walls of the iron shack. It was a simple matter of bottling the stuff. Prince Vulcan must have discovered its terrible energy long before. That it was terribly inflammable Blackhawk knew. And then he got a great idea.

"There must be a radio around here somewhere," he said to himself. "Yes, there it is—a mighty powerful set, too."

In a moment Blackhawk was seated at the radio, sending out a message to the raiders. They had broken Prince Vulcan's code only a few days before, after picking up numerous code messages. Now it was a simple matter to broadcast a summons to return at once to headquarters.

Finished with the message, Blackhawk took a small detonator bomb from his pocket, set it in the iron shack and hurried back to his plane.

Together again, Blackhawk and his men took their big ship up a few hundred feet, flew over a hillock of ice and came down again. Now they were invisible from the returning raiders. Would they return?

A distant rumble, then loud roaring. And the devil's flight hove into sight, heading for the crater. They had almost reached it when a furious tongue of flame rushed out a thousand yards, a pillar of such awful intensity that the snow for a mile around was turned into green water.

The raiders came down a half mile from the crater and poured from their ships. It made it just right for Blackhawk and his men to get the drop on them. Caught unawares, and without weapons, it was easy. The world was safe again, thanks to the Blackhawks.







HMM, THIS IS CEDAR FALLS, ALL RIGHT! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FIND THE LUMBER CAMP BY WALKING!



G-GOSH, THAT MIGHT BE DAMON DROOL, THE LEADING MAN! HE CERTAINLY LOOKS FUNNY OFF SCREEN...OR ELSE IT'S THAT BEARD!



OH...ER, PARDON ME, MISTER! I'VE BROUGHT A SCRIPT FROM THE STUDIO!

WH--??! YEEOW... Y-YOU SCARED ME!



ER...NOW WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT A SCRIPT?

I'M MISS LA MOE AND I BROUGHT THE SCRIPT YOU'RE TO REHEARSE FROM FOR THE NEW PICTURE!



THE SCRIPT, EH? WELL, RIGHT NOW THE VILLAIN AND I ARE RUNNING THROUGH SOME OF THE SEQUENCES TOGETHER! WE WON'T REFER TO THE SCRIPT UNLESS IT'S NECESSARY!

Y-YESSIR!



NOW IN THIS NEXT SCENE THE VILLAIN PREPARES A TRAP FOR ME, BUT I OUT-WIT HIM AND THE TRAP BOOMERANGS AND SNARES HIM INSTEAD!

I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER IF I WERE CHECKING THE ACTION AGAINST THE SCRIPT, SIR!



SHHH! THERE HE IS! HE'S BUILDING THE TRAP! IN ORDER TO OBTAIN THE PROPER DRAMATIC ATMOSPHERE, I MUST ASK YOU TO ACT AS THOUGH THIS WERE A REALISTIC ADVENTURE!

GEE, THAT VILLAIN CERTAINLY TAKES HIS WORK SERIOUSLY!

LET'S SEE HIM GET OUT OF THIS ONE, HEH-HEH!
HE'LL STEP IN THE LOOP, RELEASE THE SAPLING
AND...ZZINGO!-- HE'S THROUGH!

SHHH! FINE TECHNIQUE,
THAT LAD! PUTS HIS
HEART AND SOUL INTO
IT!

MY MISSION
IN LIFE WILL
BE COMPLETED,
IF THIS
WORKS!

BON VOYAGE, MY
FRIEND! WELL
DONE... WELL
DONE!

YEELOOOW

AAA! HE JUST LANDED!
NOW IN THE NEXT
SCENE, THE VILLAIN
ATTEMPTS TO TRAP
ME IN A TREE!

B-BUT,
MR. DROOL,
SHOULDN'T
WE CHECK
THE SCRIPT?

WE'LL CHECK LATER, MY
DEAR! NOW, WHEN HE GETS
HERE, JUST TELL HIM I
CLIMBED THAT TREE
THERE! I DON'T WANT
HIM LOOKING UP THE
WRONG TREE
FOR ME!

Y-YESSIR!

QUICK! DID YOU
SEE A MAN
WITH A BEARD
AROUND HERE?

YES! HE TOLD
ME TO TELL YOU
HE WENT UP
THIS TREE!

VICTORY IS MINE! THERE
CAN BE NO ESCAPE FROM
FATE THIS TIME!

I DON'T KNOW
IF YOU'RE
FOLLOWING THE
SCRIPT, SIR, BUT
YOUR LINES
SOUND VERY
CONVINCING!





HEY, LOOKA ME!
NO HANDS!



EEEEK! SOMETHING'S WRONG!
THIS SCRIPT DOESN'T CALL
FOR A SINGLE ACTION OR
LINE YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN
GOING THROUGH! YOU'RE
FAKES!

NOT AT ALL! YOU'RE
SIMPLY MIXED UP!
THAT GUY ISN'T
DAMON DROOL, THIS
IS NO ACT, AND
YOU'RE ALL WET!

THAT GUY HAPPENS TO BE AN
ESCAPED LUNATIC, AND I'VE BEEN
ASSIGNED TO CATCH HIM! NOW I
SHALL GO TO THE RIVER AND SORT
THE LOG JAM FOR HIM!

OHK,
NOOOO-O-O-O!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, YOUNG LADY?
MR. DROOL HAS BEEN WAITING ALL DAY
FOR THAT SCRIPT!
YOU'RE FIRED!

OH, YEAH?

IT'S UNCANNY! I DIDN'T EVEN
SEE ANOTHER CAR COMING...YET
HERE I SIT WITH WRECKAGE ALL
ABOUT ME!



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